

FORMEZ VOS BATAILLONS...

Look at those shaggy walls! And listen to those stairs vibrate madly when anyone walks on them! And listen, too, to the chattering teeth of those unfortunates whose windows won't close, against the background of the gasps for air of those people whose windows won't open.

Things are in a pretty sad state of affairs around the studies building these days. The trouble is that this state of affairs seems to be static, or has been so since I have been here. Are we becoming that indifferent to our surroundings? Let's clean the place up.

If we can't get the lumber necessary for finishing the inside walls, at least let's put up some sort of temporary cover, so that when you brush against the walls you don't get a trickle of insulating material insinuating itself gently down the back of your neck. Most of the insulating material is badly torn now, and will become completely unusable if it isn't at least tacked to the wall. It might help if there were adequate lighting in the halls at night. I see that provision has been made for light bulbs, but as yet the light bulbs haven't managed to find their way to the outlets. But then, the less light, the less unfinished the place looks.

About the stairs. There is a marble-suspended-in-cement flooring that was originally supposed to cover the metal, both to cut the noise and to preserve the stairs. Have you noticed the dents lately? I wonder if it is possible even to lay the flooring now. As for quiet conducive to study being maintained----the stairs provide no incentive. Need I say more?

The windows. Outside of the ones that don't open and the ones that don't close, it might be a good idea to try to patch up the big glass pane by the stairs, so that heat won't escape. Also the porthole window in the door. All the metal supports need a coat of paint...inside and out. I personally would like to see a different color for the window trim and the front door. This way you can't tell if it is rust or paint.

The cement walk leading to the door is as good as a jigsaw puzzle. I am always tripping over stray pieces of cement and trying to put them back where they belong. Either repair or remove!

As a matter of fact, the whole place looks just plain neglected. I think it's about time we made a concerted effort to clean it up and to finish it.

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--Carol Sorling

MOUNTAIN TOPICS I

Wandering into Ruth Asawa's study, we were immediately intrigued: we found leaves, pale and transparent, scattered about the floor, stalks of timothy and pampas grass emerging from the shelf, and strung from the radiator necklaces of apple sliced and dried...

Ilya Polotowsky discovered the dance group cavorting over the lawn Sunday morning and lured away the leaping maidens with a trip to the geyser in his small green '31 grasshopper. The gals danced and pranced, the geyser spouted, and Ilya's camera shuttered. Driving back, they stopped at Lookout Point, a clearing 3000 feet up, where you could at one time see the mountains unfolding for endless miles. Now you see the souvenir store...

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--S. G.